

Photograph by orphan_account

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sometimes, jonathan takes photos of steve

Photograph

Author's Note:

s2 promo got me shook af here's a fluff one shot!
also, no beta reader so bear with any typos/mistakes

"Why *do* you always have that camera with you?" Steve asked one afternoon, the boys sitting in Jonathan's room on a summer day. They were leaning against his bed, music playing softly. It was some rock song or something like that, but the words had been reduced to nothing but white noise as Steve's attention was focused completely on the boy next to him. They were close but not as close as Steve wanted to be. He thought there was far too much space between them. There had been very few times in which the two boys hung out together without Nancy being the mediator. Only a few times, maybe, yet every time, something was always *there* but neither of them really knew what to do with it. For now, they'd just been ignoring it. Steve wanted to man up and change it, but something kept stopping him from doing so. Maybe it was himself, somewhere in his mind something was telling him engaging would be a bad idea. Sometimes (most of the time) he wished he didn't listen.

Jonathan shrugged before mumbling something barely intelligible. He sighed at Steve's pointed look before repeating, "I just like to take pictures of things, what's the big deal?"

"Well," Steve continued, nudging the boy playfully with his elbow (in a very manly and heterosexual way, of course), "what things do you like to take pictures of?"

"Why do you care all of a sudden?" Jonathan spoke defensively, his voice was harsh but there was undoubtedly the hint of a smile as he pushed away Steve's arm.

He shrugged, pretending that he wasn't moving closer to him on purpose. It was purely a shift of position that happened to bring him closer, he told himself. He was so lying. "I've always wondered. I was hoping it wasn't anything sentimental so I could feel like less of an asshole for breaking your first one." He cursed himself silently for

bringing up his foolish mistakes. He knew he never should've broken that camera and it hurt him to think that he did.

The Byers boy laughed slightly, an unexpected reaction, "It's fine. You made up for it with this new one. Thanks again, by the way."

"It's no problem," Steve brushed it off, putting a strand of his usually neat and gelled hair back in its place. "You still didn't answer my question."

"There's not a specific type of things I like to take pictures of. I just take pictures of things that I like. Sometimes it's people, plants, you know," Jonathan explained, his eyes staying focused on the camera in question.

"What else?" Steve intended on continuing to poke and prod about the photography thing, but his statement was cut short by the unmistakable sound of a camera shutter. He turned and saw Jonathan with the camera to his eye looking straight at Steve. "Me?"

"Yup," Jonathan smiled to himself, pulling the camera away from his face and letting it rest against his chest once again. It was one of the rare times Steve had seen Jonathan genuinely smile. He wouldn't admit it, but Steve thought it was cute. He thought everything about the Byers boy was cute, but you would never catch him saying such a thing out loud. These wild thoughts were doomed to stay inside of his head forever. Maybe one day they would be whispered into the ear of the boy they were about, but that was a far off, if not impossible, future.

"I'm so not worth taking pictures of," Steve groaned playfully, resting his head against the side of the bed behind them.

Looking over at Steve with the smile still on his face, he said, "Shut up. You're not that bad — not even close. You make for a nice subject."

"Well thanks, Johnny-boy."

"Yeah, don't call me that."

"Sure thing, Johnny-boy," Steve joked, looking over at the other boy

with a wide smile.

Jonathan laughed, a real and genuine laugh as he moved the camera from around his neck and onto the floor next to him. There was a silence in the air, both tense and comfortable somehow. It was anxious yet warm like the sun's rays on an early morning. It was a silence neither of them minded. Jonathan once thought he would have stopped hanging out with Steve once he and Nancy broke up, after all, he'd only been putting up with Steve to get closer to Nancy. Somewhere along the line, something changed and the two boys started hanging around each other more. Along the way, Jonathan found himself more jealous of Nancy than Steve, but he wouldn't admit it to himself. It was too absurd, there was no way he could possess feelings for Steve the way he once had for Nancy. They were boys, it didn't work like that.

Steve looked over at Jonathan tentatively. It was possibly the softest he'd ever looked. There was a flicker where Steve's eyes shifted to gaze at the other's lips, but Jonathan blinked and Steve was looking at his eyes again.

"We probably shouldn't," Jonathan spoke quietly, his voice barely above a whisper. Those three words were the most he could say about the thoughts running rampant in his head. His mind was going a million miles an hour and the only thought he could comprehend was the feel of Steve's breath fanning over his face. He smelled faintly of mint.

Steve nodded. "Y-yeah we shouldn't." Neither of them moved away from each other yet neither moved closer.

It was painfully silent as Steve reached his hand out, resting it half on Jonathan's collarbone and half gripping his neck. The only noise was the soft rock on the radio and their heavy breathing.

Jonathan leaned in first, shyly pressing his lips to the other boys. He wasn't quite sure what to do, but he'd rather go for it than leave it up in the air. Steve, who had quite clearly done this before, was happy to comply and he began kissing back almost instantly. Control was his in a nanosecond, but Jonathan didn't mind in the slightest. It was inexperienced on Jonathan's side, which was obvious, but Steve

didn't seem to care at all. It was soft and sweet, something neither of them really expected.

When they pulled apart after what could have been five seconds or an eternity, Steve was the first to speak, "Woah."

"Woah, indeed," Jonathan agreed, letting go of Steve and leaning back against the side of the bed. Part of him thought he was dreaming, part of him knew this was far better than any dream.

Steve looked over at Jonathan and raised an eyebrow, "Wanna do that again?"

Jonathan nodded with a small smile and leaned in once more.